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THE CRAYON.

VOL. III.

AUGUST.

PART VIII.

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PUBLICATION OFFICE, 763 BROADWAY.

THE TWO PRE-RAPHAELITISMS.

FIRST PAPER.

"You be judge!

You speak no Latin more than I, belike—
However, you're my man, you've seen the world—
—The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!
For what? do you feel thankful, ay or no,
—For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountains round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What's it all about?
To be passed o'er, despised, or dwelt upon,
Wondered at? Oh! this last, of course, you say,—
But why not do as well as say,—?"

Fra Lippo Lippi.—BROWNING.

THERE have been two Pre-Raphaelitisms, one old and the other new; and as there has been much misunderstanding respecting both, and much animadversion upon the latter, let us see if we cannot endeavor to explain their nature, and, perhaps, justify them a little.

If, looking through Fancy's telescope from this our stand in the present, say some thousand years into the future, we may imagine the art-critic of that period to be somewhat posed with the fact of two clusters of intellectual stars, if we may so speak, entering the field of his glass at the same time, both of them bearing the same name, and somewhat resembling each other, while this parallax shows them to be four hundred years apart,—conceive his dubiety, and let us no longer wonder that our contemporaries are puzzled, living as they do in the heat of the fight, with little knowledge of the earlier, and none whatever of the latter school, except what they may gain through the medium of passionate prejudice.

We may not presume to hope that a thousand years hence "THE CRAYON" will survive, and that future age be enlightened by this our article. Before hoping this, we must consider what seems likely to happen between this and then. By such time the swiftest balloon travelling may be exploded as too slow;—aërial-railways be over-cumbered with clouds from want of use; just as a highway occasionally becomes with weeds now. We shall doubtless boil our kettles, not with coal, but with the essence of incandescent heat,—portable, and enduring at least a man's life-time; a solid block of heat, losing not its properties, but remaining just as musk does, which, after perfuming a chamber for years and years, will show no diminution either in weight or bulk, although continually parting with its substance. The moon will, doubtless, be economically used as a Necropolis, for it is clear it will be useless to attempt to cultivate such a cinder, as the astronomers

report her to be. We shall slide our dead into it, in the way Milton's Uriel returned to his orb, but letting a *lunar-beam* "bear them" slope downwards to the moon." As the Lunarian-funereal train could of course only be started at night, let the reader fancy the ghastly procession shooting into the sky out of sight of mourners assembled to witness the departure:—heavy-trains, of course, would only go at the Full Moon, and would probably be for the "Masses," with reserved seats for those ghosts whose relatives would pay for the same. (For this institution of payment will, we fear, never cease.) The only account which seems to us at all worthy of reliance, relating to Lunarian journeys, is that which Poe gives us on the authority of Hans Pfaff, who refers to a probability of getting *back* from the moon; and here we may see how the inveterate nature of a man will creep out, in spite of all his efforts. The said Hans, to judge from his antecedents, was a notorious liar. The tale, as far as to where he recounts his arrival head-first in the public square of the Lunarian City, has our full credence; but, his return thence, appears to us by the very existence of things incredible, and an impossibility by the laws of nature. So we see how the unconquerable habit of a man will peep out. After this, it is hardly necessary to remark that there will be no return-tickets issued by our Lunarian Railway Company.

With all these advantages contingent to humanity of the future age, it will occur to the reader that there is no presumption on our part, in pitching our sight so far, because the faculties for acquiring knowledge will so increase, that the slow process of reading will be voted a bore; learning will probably be obtained by vaccination simply. It will be perceived from this, that we do not aspire to the honor of enlightening the year 3000, but only wish to try and obtain a little consideration for our contemporaries and predecessors.

If we have got our observer *from* the future fairly in the field of our glass and the sharpest focus brought to bear upon him, we will conceive that he is looking at a group of men called Pre-Raphaelites, and brings his keenest observation first upon that which is past to us, and resolves the nebula into something like this.

He sees a group of eight or more men, who, in spite of the difficulty and compelled imperfection of their mode of expressing themselves, so to speak, in execution (a difficulty whose magnitude is hardly to be appreciated by us who live since the discovery of Perspective, which teaches men to *see* correctly)—a group of men, we say—who, despite these difficulties, actually and really did produce by the force, earnestness, and fire of their own minds, works; such as will appear to every unprejudiced observer, superior to any of their successors,

who lived in happier, or at least more fortunate times, when the painter had the benefit of many mechanical aids, to say nothing of that certain security which in practice aids all who follow in a track already beaten.

We shall hope to show that this is the case truly stated, by the selection of a few examples, taken almost at random, from the works of this group of early men; still such indulgence as we may claim from the imperfection of our means, we must beg to have allowed to us, for to endeavor to do this by a few meagre instances, without engravings to illustrate our meaning, is a most unsatisfactory task, and much like an attempt to represent Niagara by upsetting a water-cart.

It must be remembered, that these painters were, without exception, grave, thoughtful, and earnest men;—men who looked upon art as their special function, and sought to present sacred truths and human wisdom in a form which all might comprehend without difficulty, and by which all might benefit who chose to observe. It is not a little curious to trace the progress of the minds of these men, as their progressive pictures illustrate it—at first, bare, stark-naked, and literal facts, tangible as a blow from a hammer;—then something addressed to a rather higher class of intelligence, and so on and on, till at last we wish for wings to follow the inspirations of the artists;—the poet-mind which had bent itself to art. Those who came earliest of them struggled with a curious literalness of expression, a necessity of making everything patent to the least perceptive of minds. Thus, in a picture of Giotto's of the appearance of the angel to Anna, no one is at liberty to surmise the means of entry of the angel into the room, for he is shown coming, palm in hand in the most straight-forward manner, in, at the window;—although that is of the smallest;—again in the "Sacrifice of Joachim," by the same artist, the hand of the Lord is seen visibly in heaven. In the "Pontiff's Dream of Saint Francis," we have a room, a perfect transcript of a bed-chamber of the age, with furniture and everything in order of use, and doubtless painted from nature to the fullest extent required;—on the bed the dreamer uneasily reposes; while seated on the floor are two men, apparently physicians, who seem to converse with subdued voices, but earnest gestures; their low tones are triumphantly suggested by the listening expression of one, who has put back the ear-lap of a sort of coif which he wears;—the reader will observe that this is not a deaf man endeavoring to catch the tones of another's voice, or he would have (to take the most obvious action), his hand hollowed to his ear; but the expression carefully discriminates his action from this, not having the wandering uncertain eye

and parted lips of the deaf, but the eye is full of penetration and the mouth decided and thoughtful. It is evident that one doctor is illustrating a position he thinks not easily controverted, by softly striking the back of his right hand against that of his left, which clasps his knee:—the other eagerly listens, bending forward, and is perhaps, not quite so assured of the weight of his companion's reasoning as might be desired, but looks out for an opportunity to trip him up. The whole is an incident which doubtless the painter saw in nature, and we can easily imagine the quiet glee with which he painted it into the picture.

In another example, "Christ disputing with the Doctors," the literal artist, determined not to be misunderstood, makes the doctors themselves a most thick-headed, impracticable looking group, who are clearly not to be enlightened. Let us not be conceived as asserting this to be the best method of treating this subject;—on the contrary, we instance it only as an example of the painter's homely, direct, one-thoughted way of going to work, a method, doubtless, most satisfactory to an observing but unthinking Italian of that age, whom we may fancy looking with delectation upon the hard stupidity of heart which this row of countenances exhibits, and turning away not a little comforted in conceit of his own blind faith in the divine word. Later painters of this subject show the Doctors keenly disputing, unconvinced, though quite alive to the interest of the questions propounded; altogether very different from the stupid supercilious astonishment shown in the picture just named.

If the reader should not be acquainted with these pictures, not even having access to engravings of them (from which alone we derive our illustrations), let him not think that Giotto could not pass from out of these literal trammels, taking a far higher scope, addressing higher intelligences,—reaching, we may say, into a range of tenderness and awe, by which he showed the depth and power of his intellect, as well as that all-embracing faculty of entering into the perceptions of inferior and uncultivated minds and adapting his inculcations to their capacities. In the whole range of art there is nothing, perhaps, grander in severe simplicity than his "Archangels," who stand side by side, holding their sceptres, and with wings relaxed. Nothing could be more expressively tender, more full of affectionate adoration, joy, and hope, than the look with which Saint Elizabeth in the "Salutation to Mary" hails the mother of Christ; half-embracing she bends before her. "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me? * * * And blessed is she that believed: and there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." For Giotto's mere power of representing ordinary human characters, let us turn to the group of heads in the crowd in the Chapel at Padua; here we shall see them so like-life, so animated, so vulgar, so full of sparkling interest in the matter which in common attracts them, that we become lost in delighted admiration of the power which could endow the wall with so much vitality and interest to us. Nothing shows the dramatic power of the

master more than this; here are many heads, all various and each one brimful of lifelike expression. We never yet saw an animated crowd painted with success excepting this:—mostly, the artist having utterly exhausted his knowledge of the expression of various intelligences engaged in the same purpose, in a half a dozen faces, and all these physiognomies grouped together, painfully suggests to us his own utter incapacity of doing more, by putting a bewildered looking individual, (and to carry out the writer's idea, this is really frequently a portrait of the artist himself), who stares at the observer of the picture with hopeless eyes, but has nothing whatever to do with the matter which is supposed to absorb the attention of his neighbors.—This is absurd, of course, so see how differently Giotto did it.

In the "Annunciation" of the same series, the Angel Gabriel stands in the centre of an intense, *rayed* radiance of the gold of heavenly fire.

To go back to a still earlier example of that power of design with which the minds of the artists of this age were endowed, we will refer to a magnificent Niello work by an unknown Florentine artist, on which is a group of the dead Saviour in the lap of the Virgin. She is old, (a most touching point); lamenting aloud, she clutches passionately the heavy weighted body on her knee; her mouth is open. Altogether it is one of the most powerful appeals possible to be conceived; for there are few but will consider this identification with humanity superior to any refined or emasculate treatment of the same subject by later masters, in which we have the fact forgotten for the sake of the type of religion, which the Virgin was always taken to represent, for which reason, she is shown as still young; as if nature being taken typically, it were not better to adhere to the emblems throughout, confident by this means to maintain its appropriateness, and, therefore, its value and force.

On another part of the Niello work just mentioned, there is a delineation of the "Fall," in which the serpent has given to it a human head, with a most sweet, crafty expression. Now, in these two instances the style is somewhat rude; but there is passion and feeling in it. This is not a question of mere execution, but of mind, however developed. Let us not mistakenly infer, however, from this that execution should be neglected, but only maintained as a most important *aïd*, so that we do not forget the soul for the hand. The power of representing any object, that its entire intentions may be visible, its lesson felt, is all that is absolutely necessary; mere technicalities of performance are but additions; and not the real intent and end of painting, as so many have considered them to be. For as the knowledge is stronger and purer in Masaccio than in the Caracci, and the faith higher and greater,—so the first represents nature with more true feeling and love, with a deeper insight into her tenderness; he follows her more humbly, and has produced to us more of her simplicity; we feel his appeal to be more earnest: it is the crying out of the man, with none of the strut of the actor.

Ghirlandajo, Benozzo Gozzoli, Fra Angelico, and Masaccio, are remarkable, among other qualities, for the elegant purity and

natural grace of their representation of women and children: no artist the world has produced has painted anything more sweetly beautiful than those by the second mentioned artist, with their ingenuous faces, their wind-blown robes and wavy hair. Ingenuous is the precise word which renders the tender purity of his expressions. In his "Vineyard" are some grape-gatherers, the most elegant and graceful imaginable. We are much mistaken if it was not this painter who introduced the custom of occasionally painting drapery as though blown about by the wind, this he did with judgment, and not constantly; it was, however, as it appears to us, the origin of those marvellously inexplicable draperies which we see in the works of the besotted painters of the next century; the folds of costume then ran into short curves and folds in the most wonderful manner:—the bewildered eye of the sceptical, irreverent observer, vainly inquires the cause of the commotion of the draperies, which is frequently represented taking place in the interior of a room, where no wind could be. It is probable that these artists had seen and admired the elegance of the tossing draperies and robes in some of Benozzo Gozzoli's pictures, where the scene is in the open air; and for no other reason than "because he liked it," (a reason, by the way, of great weight with the irrational class of artists); determined to do the same when the scene was removed from the influence of the wind. There are many startling phenomena of this description to be found in the works of the post-Raphaelite painters down even to Albano, a few of which, for the sake of comparison with the earlier and modern schools of Pre-Raphaelites, we shall presently point out, and endeavor to account for.

This subject of the motion of drapery has seldom obtained that amount of attention, to which it is entitled, from its having a "nature," as well as other things, its obeying the ordinary physical laws; and, what is of great value to the painter, its being nearly the only exponent of actual motion he has at command. The ancient Pre-Raphaelite artists, faithful as they were in most things, in many instances seem to have neglected this, as may be seen in almost all their figures, who are moving through the air; (a circumstance more frequently represented by them than by any other class of painters) their efforts this way are often assuredly wrong. We are well aware that this fact is insisted upon as rather a beauty or merit than otherwise by many enthusiastic admirers of early Christian art,—as rather suggesting, they say, by its immobility when the wearers are in rapid motion, that they are not affected by earthly accidents of meteorology, or obeying the physical laws of the planet:—it is said, in short, that this sort of thing suggests a kind of spirituality. A notion this from which we must beg to differ; because, for one reason, we find that the early painters are not constant in endeavoring to express this superiority to physical laws; as we have seen in the example, quoted above, of the "appearance of the angel to Anna;" where the spirit is deliberately represented coming through a small window, and not through the wall (as was frequently shown afterwards), which would be the right course, according

to the "spirituality" theory. There are many examples of this which might be quoted. In the "Last Judgment" of Orcagna, the expulsion of the damned shows several figures falling through the air, some of which, obeying physical laws, strike the observer as having the motion of falling thunderbolts, while others, not fulfilling this condition of human cognizance and recognition, look odd and motionless, floating as it were:—one in particular is seen falling flat, *back* downwards, has the hair of its head hanging *down*, not streaming up, which, of course, it would do from the head of a human being falling through the air. An enthusiastic friend suggests that these figures are meant to be falling through a vacuum in Chaos, but we cannot think that Orcagna was aware of the possibility of such a non-entity as a vacuum, which nature is said to "abhor." Here, too, gravitation comes in to assist our own argument. Although it may be said, that at the Last Judgment gravitation may not exist (a reasonable enough thing to say) still, as the artist has only to deal with things and actions, in accordance with those laws to which we are subject, and neither he nor the observer of his picture can conceive anything else by any exertion of the mind—we must have in every thing or action an exemplification of obedience to such laws, or it will be impossible for our minds to conceive it all. Therefore, we maintain that the hairs of Orcagna's "Damned One," should have streamed *above* his head, much as Homer makes the scarf of "Wind-footed Iris" to fly behind her when descending to the earth; so did the robes of Keats's Hyperion, when he was approaching his own palace in fierce wrath—

"He entered, but he entered full of wrath;
His flaming robes streamed out behind his heels;
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal hours,
And made their dove-wings tremble."

Let not the reader, however, imagine that this is all that may be said of Orcagna. Few, indeed, have been the artists whose success in the element of the terrible has been so complete as his; there are incidents depicted in the picture just referred to, which really appal one in the power of imagination displayed:—one is of a woman in the grasp of an Evil Spirit, who, on his back, bears her downwards to doom. Her expression is the most terrible imaginable; she grasps her bearer with desperation and looking out into space, is agonized with terror. One of the Evil Spirits has flat wings, as though they were made of metal: as Spenser, in the Fairy Queen has—

"And over them sad Horror with grim hue
Did always soar, *beating his iron wings*;
And after him owls and night ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings."

It is not to be supposed that Spenser obtained this idea of metallic wings from Orcagna, so we must set this down as another of those unconscious plagiarisms which are so frequent, when we have poetic minds dealing with the same subject. The choice of such a characteristic by the painter is eminently fortunate, for it gives to this figure with its flat wings an inconceivably strange appearance of demonic power. In the "Last Judgment," a figure is seen

seated at the feet of the Summoning Angel, who is sounding a trumpet; this figure is imagined to represent the angel of Humanity. He crouches down with wings over his head, unarmed and dejected and cowers with one hand over his mouth.

Luca Signorelli was another of the painters who combined the qualities of grace and terrible vigor; some of his women have the utmost degree of elegance; we do not know where to point out a more successful design of figures of ministering angels, than those of this painter;—indeed, his immediate successors seem to have thought so, for so often are these figures reproduced in the pictures of later artists, that it is quite enough to suggest to us, that they must have had another reading of that portion of the moral code which relates to *meum* and *tuum*, than now prevails amongst ourselves;—at any rate most obvious are filchings (not always with judgment), by those who followed these early painters in point of time, and well must each instance of this have been known: for the reader must recollect, that this plagiarism was not like a similar case of a modern artist stealing from Raffaele, at a distance of three hundred years; but, that when the latter himself stole from Masaccio the figure of Paul preaching at Athens, there could not have elapsed more than one third of this period, between the designing of Raffaele's Cartoon and the painting of Masaccio's fresco. We must also impress upon the reader, that, although the artists of this time had not the advantage of the use of engravings to the same extent as ourselves; yet pictures must have been well known to the "profession;" for we find in every record of the customs of painters of these centuries, that they were continually travelling from city to city, from Naples to Milan, from Venice to Genoa: being handed over from patron to patron; from Medici to Chigili, from Cornaro and Barberigo to Adorni and Francatelli: and according to the demand for their services, decorated palace, monastery, convent or cathedral. Therefore, we say, it is not unfair to assert that many of the extremely numerous examples of plagiarisms to be observed in the works of the later painters (especially those of the Roman School), were by no means unintentional, and at the same time it would appear, that what would now bring much contempt upon an artist, was then regarded as a matter of considerable indifference. We must not part from Luca Signorelli without a word in admiration of a group of persons who are represented rushing through a door, pursued by the avenging fire. They crush upon one another, and stumble, fall, and roll, in a manner which realizes to the utmost the painter's intent.

The Sibyls of Andrea del Castagno are striking examples of power; we cannot help fancying, however,—it may be but fancy,—that there is something hard, cruel, and as it were, heathenish, about much of this painter's work. It is possible we may be influenced to this thought by the legend which names him as a murderer, accusing him of having slain his friend after obtaining some secret of painting. This story has been learnedly contradicted, and is said to have been proved impossible on many grounds, yet still to us, the features

of the man seem to confirm (as perhaps they gave rise to) it, whenever we see a portrait of him, or even examine a print from his pictures. There is scarcely any subject which has been more frequently in the hands of the great masters, than that of the Sibyls; yet without exception, there are none of them, who, to us, have succeeded in realizing his idea, or had a more noble thought, than Andrea del Castagno when he painted the Cumean Sibyl; who stands with upraised finger of warning (not of threatening), and with her robe gathered round her, as if about to depart. There is action, suggestion, and energy in it, far more impressive than the seated lay-figures of most of the other artists, who have treated the subject. He seems to have found a congenial subject in his picture of Esther, who is seen, royal and beautiful, yet with something harsh and cruel about her, such as we have said we fancied there was about the artist's own nature. The observer of his works cannot fail to be struck by the energy, and what we may call verve, which they contain, while, they by no means exceed and pass into contortion and extravagance.

Artists of whom we have yet to speak are, Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Cosimo Rosselli, Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolomeo, and a few others of less celebrity. We hope in the next paper to show that these men and those of whom we have already spoken, possessed powers which are not generally understood, and that the term Pre-Raphaelite is by no means what it is generally received for, a phrase implying crudity and childishness of design, and that those who use the term in that sense, thereby show that they speak of that which is not known to them, and so expose themselves to the charge of ignorance and presumption.

Many instances might be found to illustrate the assertion that the most wholesome period of a nation's existence, has been accompanied and indicated by a corresponding severe purity of the arts of the time; never with the full and gaudy bloom which only hides corruption, but with the severe health of its most active and vigorous life; its mature youth, and not the floridity of age, which like the wide open petals of a flower, indicates that its glory is about to pass away. There has certainly always been a period like the short warm season, the Canadians call the "Indian Summer," which is said to be produced by the burning of the western forests, causing a factitious revival of the dying year: so there has always been a flush of life before the final death of the arts in each period: in Greece, of the sculptors and architects of the time after Pericles; in the Germans, with the successors of Albert Dürer. In fact, in every school there has been a spring, a summer, an autumn, an "Indian Summer," and then winter; for as surely as the "Indian Summer" (which is, after all, but an unhealthy flush produced by destruction), so surely does winter come. In the arts, the winter has been exaggerated action, conventionalism, gaudy color, false sentiment, voluptuousness, and poverty of invention; and, of all these characters, that which has been the most infallible herald of decease, voluptuousness, has been the most rapid and the most sure. Corruption lieth under it; and every school and indeed every individual, that has pan-

dered to this, has departed from the true spirit in which all study should be conducted, has sought to degrade and sensualize, instead of to chasten and to render pure the humanity it was instructed to elevate. So has that school, and so have those individuals, lost their own power, and descended from their high seat, fallen from the priest to the parasite, from the lawgiver to the courtier.

SKETCHES

OF THE

GREAT MASTERS.

By B. Huntington,

TITIAN'S COLORING.

It is quite fashionable in our days, with a certain class, to turn up the nose at the old masters—"Dirty, brown, smoky old concerns—stupid everlasting Holy-families," is a common cry. "Paint our own history—identify your pencil with American ideas, seize the life of the present, embody the spirit of the age," are the watchwords. "What care we for the musty saints of a decaying superstition, or the stereotype forms of a past, dead, and mummied art." There is much truth in all this, and especially as far as it relates to the quantity of spurious old-trash annually imported and palmed off on our unfledged virtuosi, for Guidos, Carraccis and Raphaels. On all hands the critics are crying out, "We have had enough of Cleopatra and Sibyls and Madonnas—of saints looking up and saints looking down, and grey-bearded martyrs wrapped in impossible and unreal drapery. An artist must grapple with all the difficulties of his art, and must mould his works by incessant and close study of the characters which surround him, if they are to live after him and add to the stock of ideas." True enough, but must he not well acquaint himself with what has been well done, and by a thorough knowledge of the means used by the great dead masters, enrich his mind and strengthen his hand to achieve something new? Looking back is dangerous, they say; by copying the old masters you will lose your originality. It must be acknowledged there is something deadening to the inventive powers in long continued servile copying; but on the other hand, all the greatest and most original geniuses have revered and deeply studied the masters who preceded them.

A writer makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the literature of the past, as well as with life. Is Thackeray any the less original on account of his learning, and his familiarity with Shakspeare, Swift, and Fielding? Or is Leslie less fresh and characteristic because he has studied Raphael, Hogarth, Jan Steen and Reynolds? And Turner is a remarkable instance of a great mind with true docility and humility studying the old masters, and even so much imbued and influenced by them as to be warped and for a time partially to lose sight of nature, in the intense sympathy of his mind with ancient masterpieces. His earlier works are many of them absolutely founded on Claude, Poussin, and the Dutch masters; and had he not been a genius of a high order, he might, through this quick insight

into their secrets, have been lost in a sea of imitation. The Pre-Raphaelites are resolutely bent on studying nature with eyes *unbiased*, but, certainly not *unassisted*, which is quite impossible, except to the obstinately blind. It is not *old art* they condemn, but *false art*. They would eschew what was mannered and affected in Cimabue and Giotto, could such qualities be there detected, as well as in Michael Angelo or Correggio. Their idea is to shake off conventionalism, and to express the idea with materials drawn fresh and pure from nature, and with all the knowledge which the experience of others gains for them; their very name implies an acquaintance with all art, and an abhorrence of its later vices, and of course a relish for whatever in it is true and beautiful.

In respect to coloring, it is generally admitted that even with a natural eye for it, it is impossible ever to excel uniformly, without much system and theory. As the Venetian artists excelled all others in this branch, and were in possession of ideas which enabled all their painters, even the ordinary ones, to color well, their works have been the study of all succeeding schools. In emulating the Venetians, the Flemish and the Dutch attained considerable success, though few of the moderns, have shone remarkably in color, except among the English, and rare instances among the present French artists. Now it must be remembered that good color is an abstract idea, an essential truth, irrespective of its application to any particular subject or class of subjects. The laws of color are immutable, and no good color was ever produced without an adherence to these laws. The Venetians thoroughly understood them, for they invariably colored well, and it is therefore that their works must be studied, always of course with close reference to living nature. Their principles being the unchangeable ones of universal nature, are just as necessary now as then, and as requisite to the true color of any ordinary thing—a turnip field, a barn door, or any imaginable object—as of a head of a saint, a group of angels, or a sunset on the Adriatic. In examining the Venetian principles our attention must be given to Titian as the acknowledged head of the group. Paul Veronese and Tintoretto are great masters also, and in some particulars excel Titian; the former, especially, being more brilliant, vivacious and varied, though sometimes partly at the expense of truth. Titian was gifted by God with a mind so serious, penetrating and reasonable that he was never imposed on by any specious falsehoods. He observed thoroughly, weighed calmly, formed his theories on the most complete comparison and deep insight. It will be found, on careful study of his works, that philosophy has presided over all—there are no random touches, he had a reason for every tint and for the first blush of color on the canvas; yes, for the very tint of the canvas itself.

Through every stage of the work, often protracted through years, he was guided by a sober reflection and definite theory, as well as fired by a passion for the beauty of color, and borne up by the long sustained inspiration of a far visioned painter.

Many people suppose that color is a mere instinct; that one painter colors well because he has an eye, a sense of harmony,

and because he cannot help it. A great mistake, for all the Venetians colored well, and some of them must have done so in a great measure from a knowledge of good theories. If we can arrive at the ruling principles of the Venetians, and of Titian in chief, it will certainly be a great point gained. In attempting this, no pretensions are made to originality or infallibility. The ideas of various authorities will be advanced, and the student of color should remember that all theories must be cautiously entertained and thoroughly tested by nature and comparison with the best masters.

Excellence of color, we suggest, may depend on three things, *imitation*, *harmony*, and *luminousness*. The first and most essential idea, without which all is worthless, is *truth of imitation*. The characteristic tint of all substances must be faithfully copied; flesh, armor, sky, sea, stuffs, hair, atmosphere—must be delicately and faithfully rendered, or all is lost. A good and honest and zealous eye, will by long and faithful practice accomplish this, and it is the only basis. Here we may say, that in the idea of imitation of tint, is included, to a degree, that of quality and texture, and in reaching this, painters have usually indulged in the liberty of assimilating their processes and materials to the actual quality to be obtained, as a hard, dry, and rough surface for rocks, a juicy and transparent body of color for water, glass, &c.

The next principle of success is *harmony*, and we must weigh well its characteristics. Harmony is the mutual agreement and relation of the various colors, and is dependent on three causes—an underlying greyiness, or negative basis, which binds all together in the foundation, and produces unison, even between colors of otherwise the most opposite and discordant nature. The second element of harmony is such a choice of local colors and arrangement of masses of color, as are suited to the subject and to win and satisfy the eye; and in such an arrangement the principle of *contrast* and *agreement* will both be used without violence, through too much of the former, or monotony through excess of the latter. The formation of an absolute code of rules for the choice and arrangement of colors is manifestly impossible; but a grouping into masses on the same principle as the forms of a composition with repetition and echo in various degrees, the prominence and force of certain portions, and subdued breadth of others, and the choice of such colors as are fitted for the quantity of light or dark they are intended to produce, are principles scarcely ever neglected in any pleasing arrangement of colors. Titian, and the Venetians generally, filled the greater portion of the picture with subdued and negative colors, which makes the stronger ones tell with great force, while their powerful masses of dark are often produced by draperies of deep blue, greens, and laky-reds. The strongest darks or lights, of course, do not admit much local color, and accordingly we find the Venetians making the one of white linen, skies, sunny architecture, flesh, rosy, and salmon-colored draperies, &c., while their intense darks are formed of black and brown hair, armor, purple and black dresses, &c. 1. Burnet's admirable Treatise on Color, rich in valuable hints on this subject, the prin-